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Northern Messenger

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—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Grand Old Hero.

Would you like to know a grand old hero? Then read this story of Chrysostom before the Roman Emperor, who had just threatened him with banishment if he still remained a Christian.

'Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me,' Chrysostom replied.

'But I will slay thee,' said the Emperor.

'Nay, but thou canst not,' said the brave Christian; 'for my life is hid with Christ in God.'

'I will take away thy treasures,' threatened the Emperor.

'Nay, but thou canst not, for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven and my heart is there,' was the reply.

'But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left,' continued the Roman.

'Nay, and that thou canst not,' once more the noble Christian answered, 'for I have a Friend in heaven from whom [illegible] before, and her [illegible] must have caught [illegible]el, who smiled so [illegible]ed poor little Betsy, [illegible] wet [illegible] their fo[illegible] rose in [illegible] was a [illegible] not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me.' Was he not a grand old Christian hero?—'Sunday School Advocate.'

You Only Have to Ask.

A young man in Scotland came one day to a gate, when the gatekeeper's little girl ran down and shut it, saying, 'You have not to pay anything to pass. You have only to say, "Please allow me to go through?"' The young man did as he was directed, and the gate was immediately opened. The owner just wished to preserve the right of entrance, that was all. So simply 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'—Spurgeon.

Old, But Ever True.

A nobleman once had a jester, a fool, to whom he gave a gold-headed staff, saying, 'Keep this until you meet a greater fool than yourself.' The jester had the staff a [illegible] time, but one day he came into his master's room and found him very ill. 'What is the matter?' said the jester. 'I am going a long journey,' said the master. 'Where?' asked the jester. 'I don't know,' said the master. 'When will you return?' asked the jester. The master said, 'Never.' 'And what preparation have you made?' 'I have made none,' said the master. 'Then,' said the fool, 'Master, you must take back the stick, for a man who is going a long journey from which he will never return, and who has made no preparation, is a greater fool than I am.'—Selected.

'Rest and be Thankful.'

Written for a Guest Chamber.

'When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'—Prov. iii., 24.

'The Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me.'—Psa. lxii., 8.

Rest thee now, oh pilgrim weary;
Sweetly sleep till morning light;
He who slumbers not will guard thee
Safely keep thee through the night;
'Rest and be thankful.'

Art thou careworn, mind or body,
'Neath this shelter find repose;
Take no trouble for the morrow,
Now let peace thine eyelids close,
'Rest and be thankful.'

—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Missionary Hints.

The 'Missionary Intelligencer' gives some items of advice to missionary committees; these among others;

Save all clippings that would be profitable to read in the meetings.

Make a missionary scrap book.

Keep a little note-book, and write in it the names of missionaries and their fields, and any interesting facts about them that may come to your knowledge.

Pray regularly for some missionary who is in the field.

God's Grindstone.

(Extract from a letter written to one in deep sorrow.)

'I wonder why I kept seeing last night a hatchet turning the wrong way to a grindstone.

I was half awake, and tried to see it turned the other way, for chips of steel were flying off it distressingly. I knew I was thinking about something, and it straightened out like this:—

The grindstone takes tiny pieces of steel away, so as to give the axe something else —something immaterial, impalpable, called a sharp edge.

The steel exists, in this case, only for the sake of this finer thing. It is there that it may have 'an edge.'

That it may have a better edge some of it must be refined away.

But if the hatchet holds an attitude of resistance to the sharpening power it loses

a great deal more, and only becomes very much blunter.

Shall I go on? Last night I thought I had nothing to say, and this morning, I fain would tell my dream and the interpretation thereof to the end.

Suppose the grindstone of affliction keeps on rubbing and rubbing away our natural vitality—the more, we think, for our very submission. Then we cry out in the fear that the grindstone will spoil the block—defeat its own ends.

Grant that it sometimes may take more away than is artistic. 'He sitteth as a refiner of silver,' and He knows what is enough for his purposes; but it is only fair to admit that things often go further than we can see any plan in.

Well, then, listen. That knife may be most useful as a knife whose blade is worn deep with continued sharpening; and the finest life in the world was apparently wasted when Jesus died for men.

Some More, Some Less.

I started to tell of a 'find' I made in one of our homes. It was a poem written by the twelve-year-old of the family. The mother told me that at morning prayers they were reading about the manna that fell from heaven to feed the children of Israel. They came to the seventeenth verse, sixteenth chapter of Exodus, where it says they gathered the manna, 'some more, and some less.' Little twelve-year-old remarked that that would make a good poem, and off she went to her poets' corner.

'A great many people have enjoyed the poem,' said the mother, 'including some of old people—they said it did them as much good as a sermon.'

I give it to my readers. Who knows but it may carry a song to some heart?

'The people murmur,' said Moses, one day,
'For fear that some should fall by the way.'
'To-night from heaven will I rain bread—
Enough for each.' the Lord then said.
'Some more, some less.'

They did not measure the manna that fell,
In order that each might perfectly tell
If he had as much as his neighbor had;
Oh no! that might have made some feel sad,
'Some more, some less.'

That is the way God's mercies fall;
Some more, some less, but some to all;
None should wish to have more than his friend,
Each has enough to last to the end:
'Some more, some less.'

—Cor 'Springing Well.'

A Spanish Shopkeeper.

A shopkeeper in Asturias, who had bought a Bible from Colporteur Garcia, came a month later and said that he must take the book back, as it was 'prohibited.' Garcia expressed his willingness, but added, 'Friend, "amigo mio," there is no book in the world like this,' and, opening it, began to read passage after passage. The shopkeeper at last interrupted him with 'Stop, stop!' and snatching back the volume from his hands, exclaimed, 'Does the book contain these things? Then they may say what they like, I and this book are not going to part.'

The Stumbling-block.

Confession must come before pardon, and pardon before power. Dr. Chapman, the famous evangelist, gives a bit of experience to prove this.

In a western city, a gentleman approached the evangelist laboring in the city with the question: 'Can you tell me why it is that I have no power in my Christian life? I have a class of men in the Sunday School, and have had for three years, and have never been able to lead one of them to Christ.'

The evangelist replied: 'It may be because your heart is not right with God, and that you are hiding some sin.'

The man's face became pale, and then in the secrecy of the minister's room he made his confession: 'Twelve years ago I was a clerk in a mercantile establishment in the city of P——. One night in balancing my books, I had two hundred dollars for which I could not account; my books were balanced, but the money was there. The books balanced the next day, and the next week, and the money was still not accounted for. Then the devil came to me to say, "Use it; no one will ever know it, and you can put it back." God pity me! I took it, and all these years I have had it. Here it is,' he said, handing it to the evanglist.

'I cannot take it,' he said, 'you will have to make restitution.'

The man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'I can never do it. I have a position now worth twenty thousand dollars a year to me, and I should lose it if I were ever suspected of being dishonest in the past.'

'It is either restitution or no power,' said the evanglist.

The man was still for a moment; then, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, 'I will do it if I die.'

He made his way to the city where the wrong had been committed, into the private office of the man against whom he had sinned, and made confession.

The Christian merchant listened to his words; then, rising, he closed the door of the office, and said, 'Let us pray about it.'

They fell on their knees, and, when the prayer was offered, the merchant said to him: 'Go back to your work, and God's blessing go with you. I forgive you just as freely as He does.'

The man came back to his home with his face shining. The next Sunday he sat down before his class to tell them of Christ. He said to them: 'I never knew till this week why it was that I could not get you for Christ. I have now found out. It was because I was not right myself.' Then, turning to his class, he made such a plea as he had never made before, and with the result that every member of his class accepted Christ as Saviour, and a few Sundays after joined the church of which he was a member.

It is very easy to understand why. He had simply gotten right with God, and then the Spirit, who had been abiding in him all the time, used him; and that is always the Spirit's way.—'Golden Rule.'

A Surrender.

A story is told of a young woman who once refused to come to the Saviour, saying 'There is too much to give up.'

'Do you think God loves you?' was asked.

'Certainly.'

'How much do you think he loves you?'

She thought a moment, and answered, 'Enough to give his Son to die for me.'

'Do you think, if God loved you enough to give his Son to die for you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?'

'No.'

'Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?'

'No.'

'Then you had better come to Christ at once.' And she did.—Allegheny 'Herald.'

Sorrow and Growth.

Death is not terrible because it is death. We sorrow not because death is, but because it takes the object of our affection. We mourn, not because some one has died, but because we loved that one. Many may die all about us, but we are not grieved. Now then, sorrow for the departed is due to the best faculty that God has given us, the faculty of love. What would life be worth without it? And yet how much we suffer because we have it! Banish love and you will banish sorrow. Who would be without it in order to escape the sorrows that surely come to those who are called to part with dear ones? A brother minister told me that God's greatest blessing to him was the gift and death of a sweet baby girl. 'While it has saddened, yet it has sweetened my life.' If you want to find a sweet, well-developed, all-round Christian, seek not among those who have not known pain and sorrow.—T. F. Harriman.

To-day.

[For the 'Messenger.']

We will live such a useful life he said
We will brighten the thorny way,
Of so many others around our path,
Did we do it, dear friend, to-day?

We will cheer so many sorrowful ones,
And dry the tear-dimmed eye,
Oh, lives around we will brighter make,
Did you do it to-day? Did I?

How many kind words we will speak, ah, yes!
As the years go quickly by,
How earnestly, gently, we'll say each one,
Did you say them to-day? Did I?

How pleasant, too, we will grow, we said,
Though painful and rugged the way,
We will try so hard as the days go by,
Did we try as we should to-day?

How much time we will spend with the Master, too,
When cares less heavily weigh,
To study His word, and yet did we spend
As much time as we might to-day?

How boldly we'll speak in the Master's cause!
How much for Him we will say!
And how many trophies we'll lay at His feet!
Did we bring one to Him to-day?

Ah, yes, we will live so nobly for Him.
That others around us will say,
'They belong to the King.' Will they say it, think you,
From the way we have lived to-day?

MARY NAISMITH.

The Heart of the Gospel.

A story is told of Lapaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called 'Theopilanthropy,' a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty found in introducing it.

'I am not surprised,' said Talleyrand, 'at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed.'

What is it? What is it? asked the other with eagerness.

'It is this,' said Talleyrand; 'go and be crucified, then be buried; and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end.'

And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.— 'Dominion Presbyterian.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Misses—The Story of a Funny Combination.

There once was a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap
Spilled the ink in her lap,
And Miss Fortune fell under the table;
Miss Conduct they call
Did a Miss Creant fall,
But Miss State declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it;
But upon the wrong nail
Had Miss Place hung her veil,
And Miss Deed hid her book safe behind it.

They went on very well.
As I have heard tell,
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding
—Selected.

The Quaker Girl's Dream.

I dreamed I was on my way to school, when, suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

'Why, don't you know It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day.'

'Measuring Day!' said I: 'measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing,' and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd on the green.

There in the centre, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod, fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, 'The measure of a perfect man.' The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up at the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way.

The first who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, 'Surely E. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed.'

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: 'This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth.'

I pitied E. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsey Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book he said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: 'O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can thee grow like the Master.'

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blaked with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

And then, oh, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me, and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark —Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: 'Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!'

The angel shook his head sadly. 'The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I come next. This rule will help thee, "Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ."'

And with that I burst into tears, and suddenly awakened to find myself crying. But, oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.—'Measuring Rod.'

Ursula's Outing.

She was a little shop girl of no particular account in the world, enjoying a holiday, hardly earned, by the sea. It was late autumn now, and she had dreamed of her holiday all the summer through. For she was a London girl, and this was her first glimpse of the sea. After much deliberation and study of time-table and illustrated guide-books, she had decided upon a little place on the Norfolk coast.

Hers was not a mind to which the attractions commonly accepted as popular could appeal. She was a gentle, dreamy-creature, whom circumstances had cast upon the world, in which she was unfitted to strive. But though gentle, she was not weak. She had found the sea on the whole disappointing. Its vast loneliness oppressed one whose heaviest cross was her own peculiar isolation from her kind.

There were few visitors left at Crampton Cove in the last week of September. Except for a handful of children who regularly played on the beach morning and afternoon, the little shop girl had it mostly to herself. The rest had done her good, and though she did not know it, her face looked very sweet under the brim of her cheap sun-hat. Yes, it was quite a winsome face. Her book, which she had taken from the village, had interested her for nearly two hours; when she shut it at last she was surprised to see that a change had come over the spirit of the place.

The sun had gone. In its place a thick sea-fog seemed to have been unrolled from some mysterious background. Across flat, wet sands came the boom of the waves, and their foamy outline could just be seen. She rose in no way alarmed, interested in what was a phenomenon to her. And just then she heard the voices of children, and saw the red skirt of the little girl making a welcome bit of color among the prevailing gray. As she walked towards them she was surprised to see that they seemed to be alone, playing unconcernedly among their numerous sand castles, and taking no heed of the fog. For there was neither cold or rain with it; it had stolen in very softly, almost as if it sought something stealthily to hide.

There were three little ones, a chubby girl of nine, and her two brothers, younger, the baby, a dear fat mite, making a picture with his clothes bundled about him, and his bare legs paddling contentedly on the wet sand.

'Isn't it time you were going home, dears?' she said pleasantly, if a little timidly; 'don't you see how thick it has grown?'

'Nana is coming back,' said the little girl. 'She only went up to the village to buy herself a paper.'

Ursula nodded, but lingered, determined that she would not leave them until the nurse returned. And glancing round she saw something in the opposite direction quite away from the sea, which gave her a little start. It was the gleam of water, and she realized, with a feeling of sudden sick horror, that they must be on the sand-bank, and that perhaps were already quite cut off. She had often watched the rapid flow of the incoming tide just here, and the quick engulfing of the sand-bank with the big rock in the further end, which was almost, but not quite, covered at high water. And, they were at least five hundred yards from the dry bents, which the tide could not reach. She said nothing to the children but crossed the firm, hard bank of sand, and took her bearings. And sure enough the tide was around them, an encircling bond on every side. It was already too broad to leap. She pulled off her shoes and stockings and waded in. But the bank sloped quickly, and in a moment she was almost beyond her depth. Her face whitened, and she looked anxiously around for a moment, not as yet seriously alarmed, because the nurse surely must hasten back quickly, and would undoubtedly bring relief. She said nothing to the children; in fact she went close to them again, and began to play with apparent unconcern, promising to show them a quite new kind of castle never before seen upon the beach. It answered for a moment, and then the little girl suddenly sounded the note of alarm.

'The sea's all round us,' she cried in terror. 'Look, Betie, it's coming right up, and we'll be drowned like the naughty children in the book. Oh, I want Nana and Daddy and Mummy.'

Ursula comforted them, and they clung about her, forgetting that she was a stranger, only conscious of her kind face, her wet but smiling eyes, her air of protection, her promise of safety and rescue.

And the minutes passed. Talking softly and cheerfully to them, she gathered them about her, and climbed upon the rock and tried to interest them with a make believe, that they were only story-book people, and that presently they should find themselves back on the bents, and that it had never happened at all. Indeed, her own resource surprised her as nothing in her life had yet done. But steadily the water came creeping in. It lapped greedily about their rock when it had swallowed all the sand, and presently it was up to their feet, and the little girl gave a slight scream. But the boy, though his face was dead white was quite brave.

'Gentle Jesus won't let us drown, Winnie; let's pray him to put the sea away, bring us back to Mummy and Daddy.'

But it was Ursula who prayed, with her face hidden in the baby's neck as he clung closely to her, too frightened to cry. It was a curious prayer.

'Never mind me, dear God; nobody needs me or wants me, but save the little children, for their father and mother, for Jesus' sake.'

The water was very cold, and she numb, holding the heavy child with one arm, and trying to keep the two tight with the other. How long could she hold them, she won-

dered in agony; once they slipped it would be all over. So the dreadful moments passed. But presently there came across the dull gray of the hidden sand the steady beat of an oar. 'Listen, darlings,' she just managed to whisper. 'It's a boat; somebody is coming for us. Hold on tight; here they are.'

Then she remembered no more.

When Ursula came to herself she was lying on a strange bed, and there were strange faces about her —strange, rapt, eager faces bending down as if the only matter of moment in the world was her return to consciousness.

'Where am I?' Oh, are the children all right?'

A sob from the lips of a gray-haired man close by seemed to answer her. 'Yes, all right, thanks be to God and to you—you heroine.'

Ursula smiled.

'It was awful; but they won't play there any more, will they?'

'Never; we shall go home to-morrow.' said the man, but the woman on her knees by the bed with her face hidden, never spoke.

'Their mother?' rsula asked in an understanding whisper.

The man nodded. It was one of the supreme moments of life when the veil is lifted and there is no possibility of misunderstanding whatsoever.

'We don't know you, or who you are, but now you belong to us,' he said.

Ursula smiled again.

'I don't mind, I'm tired, and anyhow, I have no home.'—Selected.

Advice to Young Men.

You can not retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue. A man who is to lead a clean and honoroble life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable. The future welfare of the nation depends upon the way in which we can combine in our men—in our young men—decency and strength. There is no good of you preaching to your boys to be brave if you run away; there is no good of your preaching to your boys to tell the truth if you do not. Unless trere is a spirit of honesty in a man, unless there is a moral sense, his courage, his strength, his power but make him a dangerous creature in our life—a man, whether from the standpoint of our social or political systems, to be feared and to be hunted down. In civil life, the greater a man's ability, if it is not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man as a citizen, the worse he is as a citizen.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Dorothy's Way.

Dorothy never set about being good just to be good. She never thought of it in that way. That was how the old woman who had lost a daughter, and who sat lonely and sad in one corner of the boarding house parlor one evening, found a little girl drawing a chair close up beside her and felt a warm, tiny hand slipped into her own, and heard a happy, lisping little voice tell stories about dolls and their ways, until her tired, despairing heart for the moment almost grew young again. And much in the same way the crabbed old gentleman who hated children astonished himself and others by joining a little girl in a regular game of romps on the boarding house lawn; and a bashful young man from the country found himself talking out loud and telling stories to a group of 'town people' listeners.

But this isn't what I set about telling. I want you to know how Dorothy brought the village doctor, who hated dogs, and the village lawyer, who loved them—that is, his own brown-eyed Fido, I mean—altogether. These two men disliked each other intensely, and had not spoken for years, but both of them were fond of Dorothy.

So one day when Fido got a cruel wound from a passing dray, and Dorothy happened to be close by, and saw it, nothing was more natural than she should gather the little dog up in her arms and hurry with it to the doctor's office on the next corner. And nothing was more natural also than that the doctor, with Dorothy's confiding eyes upraised to his, and her hand trembling on his arm, should overcome his first impulse to throw the dog through the window, and set about caring for it as he would for one of his own patients.

When the wounds were all dressed, and Fido carefully wrapped and placed in a basket, Dorothy took her leave, declaring that she would come back in an hour or so and take the little patient home, but that he ought to have some sleep first.

Well, as soon as Dorothy had turned the first corner the lawyer came hurrying to the spot, having just learned of the accident. A boy pointed toward the doctor's office, and, hurried there. The doctor was just thinking only of Fido, the lawyer leaning over for another look at his patient, and—of course, you can see for yourself how the reconciliation came about.

Not so much of a story, you say? Certainly not. I didn't want it to be. I just wanted to give you an idea of Dorothy's way.—'Children's Visitor.'

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates: First, 'Is it true?'
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest—'Is it kind?'

And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.
—'The Pilgrim.'

Worse Than a Nuisance.

About the greatest nuisance to a farmer, after the gunner who at certain seasons of the year goes tramping all over his fields, shooting his quail, woodcock and rabbits, is the student who comes down from the city and calls himself a 'collector.' He must have plants and flowers for his herbarium; fishes, tadpoles and aquatic plants for his aquarium; must shoot every bird he sees to send away to a taxidermist to be stuffed; must have every bird's egg he can find for a collection, and without leave or licence from anyone.

A sturdy old farmer once met one of these collectors up his pear tree after some thrushes' eggs, while the poor birds were circling round and round the tree in great distress.

'Hoh! What are you doing there?' exclaimed the ireful farmer.

'Only getting a few eggs for my collection,' was the suave reply.

'Who said you could have them?' roared the farmer.

'I beg your pardon,' said the city man. 'I didn't suppose you'd care.'

'They're my birds, and on my property, and them thrashers have built right in that 'ere spot for 10 years. Might as well come and tear me out of my home and be done with it.'

'I didn't mean any offence.'

'Any offence!' shouted the farmer. 'What right have you to come on my farm making your collections? Suppose, when I went to the city, I'd go to your office or place of business and gather up some of your papers or valuables for my collection; what would you think of me?'

'I thought birds and plants were common property.'

'Yes, that is what all you city folks think. You think everything in the country is free when every foot is owned by somebody, and somebodies in the country have as much right to what they own as city people have right to what they own.'

'I am very sorry, sir. I never looked at it in that way. I'll put the eggs back. The birds surely have an earnest champion in you.'

'They sing for me, and I'd rather hear one thrasher sing than all the choirs in the city combined. They help me to fight the insects that would eat me out of house and home if left alone. They are friends to me, so I will be a friend to them. I would think you city folks would be taught in church and Sunday school the respect that the Bible has laid down for birds.'

I don't see what pleasure there is in a collection of dead birds or butterflies, anyway. For my part, when I want to study nature I'll go where the pretty things are alive and study them there.—New York 'Tribune.'

How Psyche Found the Prince.

'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.'

The word which our Lord used here for life is the Greek word Psyche. The Greeks had a story about Psyche, or, if you like to call it by another name, a parable.

Psyche was a king's daughter, and lived in a palace. She was very fair to look upon, and was greatly admired. A hundred servants waited to do her bidding, and she had everything that heart could wish. Yet she was always fretful and unhappy, for she had a cold, unloving heart, and never gave a tender and kindly thought to anyone.

It happened one day, when she was in a peevish and complaining mood, that a young prince came to her—a stranger, she knew not whence. He was beautiful beyond all that she had ever imagined or dreamed. When he spoke, it was as if his lips dropped wisdom with every word; and there was an expression in his face which told of purity and goodness. At once her heart went out to him. For the first time she loved, and a voice within her said that if she could be with him always it would be like heaven itself. But whilst she was thinking thus he simply vanished, and she was left alone with a sad longing.

Finding no peace of mind she left her father's palace, and went forth determined that she would search through all the world for the lost prince until she found him. And first she went about among all the handsome and well-favored people, wherever she heard of men whose beauty was praised, but she found him not. Then she visited the abodes and meeting-places of the scholarly and wise, and asked of all the great and gifted ones the question: 'Where is he?' But they could not tell. And she looked into all the temples and palaces of prayer where the good and pious resorted, but still she found him not.

Then, in her desperation, she prayed that God would give her wings that she might rise to other worlds and search for him there. Beautiful, strong, white wings were given, and she soared above the earth and passed from star to star; but her quest was always in vain.

At last she returned in sadness, and dropped her wings; for she thought they would not be needed more. Always weary and disconsolate she wandered through the world, until one day she came to a castle where lived a cruel giant and his cruel wife. Down in deep, dark cells they kept miserable captives in chains, often tortured, hungry, and always faint with sickness. When Psyche heard of them her heart was filled with pity, and she said: 'I also am one of the unfortunates. I will make myself a slave of this giant, that I may be with his victims and help them; for my life is good for nothing else.'

Then did she give herself up to nurse and tend and cheer the sufferers, to bind up their wounds, and soothe their pains, and in ministering to them from hour to hour. Ever busy, she forgot her long-lost one. In the greatness of her compassion she quite forgot herself. Lo, one day, when she had well-nigh ceased to think of him, and had no expectation of seeing him ever again, the prince once more appeared, and said:

'I came to you before, and left you quickly, for I saw no pity in your heart, and no thought save for yourself; but now I come to stay with you because your heart is full of love and pity and tenderness, and I can only abide with those who forget themselves in love of others.'

And as he spoke his face became like an

angel's. And lo, out of the shoulders of Psyche the white wings grew again, stronger and more beautiful than they had been before. And the prince joined his hand in hers, and they rose together out of the dungeon, and above the castle walls, higher than the sky, and the stars, into heaven itself; and there they lived for ever and for ever.

That is the old Greek story, and it hardly needs interpretation. The prince is happiness, and Psyche is the human soul.

The more we seek after happiness just for ourselves the further it goes from us. It is like the rainbow, which is never caught by those who pursue it. It is only when we forget it, and lose ourselves in pitying and helping and loving and making others happy that we find it. Then it comes unsought, and abides with us for ever. And it was something like this that our Saviour meant by the words, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.'—'Good Words.'

My One-eyed Maid.

(Pauline Carrington Bouve, in the 'Presbyterian Witness.')

I have a one-eyed maiden
Who has served me long and true;
She sees as much with her one eye
As I can see with two.

She's clever and she's handy,
And she goes straight to the point;
And when she works about the house
No place is out of joint.

She never chatters gossip
And she never seems to tire,
Tho' she's the very busiest maid
That anyone could hire.

She helps me when I'm busy,
And cheers me when I'm sad;
She keeps my thoughts from running wild
When I am vexed or mad.

I could not do without her—
This silent little maid—
She keeps my things so neat and trim,
My gowns are never frayed.

She's bright as any sunbeam,
Tho' no parson is more prim,
My busy little one-eyed maid—
My needle, straight and slim!

The Land of Uprightness.

Harold Vane pushed aside his atlas with a sigh of relief.

'There! I have studied all I can for the examination to-morrow. I hope I will do well, but geography is my poorest branch, and to think it should be made of such special importance this term!'

Mr. Vane looked up from his paper. 'How is that?' he asked.

'Mr. Carson says that, in view of the events of the past two years, every boy ought to be well informed in geography; so he offers a reward of a fine book to any scholar who will get an average of eighty or more in the examination. I have been working hard, but, dear me! there are so many lands in the world, it seems almost impossible to remember them all.'

'I wish you success, with all my heart,' said his father. 'I quite agree with Mr. Carson. Good-night, my boy. You need your rest.'

Harold was about to turn out the light when his eyes fell on the Bible.

'Not a line read to-day!' he thought. He opened the Bible, and his eyes fell upon the one hundred and forty-third psalm. Pausing at the tenth verse, he slowly reread the closing words: 'Lead me to the land of uprightness.'

'Curious! Another land! But this is not down upon the map. I wonder how many people can get led there?'

In the night a strange dream came to Harold. He thought he was travelling through an unknown country. Everything looked neat and thrifty, and an air of prosperity and happiness pervaded the land. Doors stood wide open, gardens without fences; all property seemed to be unguarded, and yet in perfect order. A magnificent rosebush, laden with choice roses, grew by the roadside. 'I wonder the boys have not stripped that bush,' thought Harold. A few more steps brought him to a cherry tree, full of tempting fruit. 'How is it no one disturbs it?' asked Harold of a passer-by.

'No one would do such a thing,' said the man in evident surprise and horror. 'We are trained to "whatsoever things are honorable" in the land of uprightness.'

'Oh, ho! So I have wandered into the land that is not down on the maps!' said Harold. While he was laughing at his discovery he awoke.

Before Harold left his room he glanced at the Bible, still open at the previous reading place. As he left the room he murmured: 'Lead me into the land of uprightness.'

'What a fine boy Percy Atkins is! Don't you think so, Harold?' asked his sister Kate at the breakfast table.

Harold glanced at his sister and set his cup down very slowly before answering. He had disagreed with Percy yesterday about a point in a baseball game, and he found it hard to praise him. But, with a feeling of shame, he thought: 'No one should go back on a friend in the land of uprightness just because of a difference of opinion; and perhaps I was wrong after all.' So, when he did speak it was to say, sincerely: 'Yes, Percy is all right; a first-rate fellow in every respect.'

A new sense of loyalty to the highest came to Harold, and he felt a new, a good spirit had taken possession of him, and he knew he was being led 'into the land of uprightness.'—'Young People's Weekly.'

My Shepherd.

'Do you ken the twenty-third Psalm?'

An old Scotch minister asked the question as he sat on the hillside by a shepherd lad watching the flock. The lad replied: 'I know it quite well.'

'Well,' said the minister, 'there are five words in it which, if you can say, make it the most beautiful of all the Psalms—just five words, the first five—"The Lord is my Shepherd"—one word for the thumb and one for each finger of your hand. If you emphasize one of these words the Psalm is much more precious. Put your finger on this one, so (the first finger of the right hand upon the third finger of the left). Now put both on your heart and say: "The Lord is my Shepherd."' The lad did so, and the minister prayed with him and went away. A few days later the minister climbed the hill and knocked at the door of the little hut where the little shepherd had lived. The lad was dead, but as he lay there, cold and still, his hands told of a safe passage, for the first finger of his right hand lay upon the 'my' finger of his left, and both were over his heart. The great Shepherd had taken the little shepherd home.—Waif.

Only a Cabin Boy.

A big battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navy. Sir John Narborough was the English admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost directly the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care, and the most splendid bravery, Sir John saw that the English sailors must be beaten unless he could get help.

There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve, and would not enter into battle without a message from him. Sir John stood a moment, and wondered how that message could be sent. It was not possible to signal; there was only one way—the message must be carried.

Sir John wrote his order, telling the captain of the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called aloud for any one who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment, and then you will understand a little what a brave heart was needed to carry that note.

Below was the sea, above, around, in it there was a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every second was terrible. Yet many sailors came forward at their admiral's call, ready to risk their lives for their country's good.

They were all grown-up men, and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, by name, stood up among them.

'Why, what can you do, my fearless lad?' said the admiral.

'I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than any one else.'

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men cheered him and watched him as long as he could be seen. He reached the reserve ships in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting, Cloudesley Shovel stood once more on the deck of the admiral's ship, and received his heartiest thanks.

'I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own,' he said. And the words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

How Birds Help Us.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker-worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat, an apple-tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its grateful foliage by the canker-worm.

Sunday at Windsor Castle.

Sunday is always strictly observed at Windsor Castle by the King and his guests. It is a fine thing that the head of the realm should set the example of loyalty to our faith.

The first service of the day is held in the private chapel at twelve o'clock. The choir of St. George's Chapel supply the musical part of the service. His Majesty is a great believer in short sermons; so the sermon, which is delivered by the Dean of Windsor, or any eminent divine who happens to be among the guests, is never longer than 20 minutes. The Royal Family occupy, of course, a private pew. It is a sort of semi-gallery, and it faces the beautiful stained-glass window which the King recently erected to the memory of Queen Victoria. His Majesty enjoys the short, direct service, to which he invariably pays great attention.

After luncheon the King's guests go for walks in the park, or in the Royal gardens, which are the finest in the country. Their miles of glasshouses shelter the finest flowers in existence.

It is quite a quiet Sunday, as in thousands of Britain's homes. Sometimes, in the afternoon, the King will drive to Cumberland Lodge, to take tea with Prince and Princess Christian, but on most Sundays he is not seen outside the Castle. Then at five o'clock there is another service in St. George's Chapel. Like the rest of the day, the evening is spent very quietly, and the time fixed for going to bed is much earlier than during the week.

Altogether the King makes Sunday his quiet day, his real day of rest; and the way he spends it stands for an example to his subjects.—'Good Words.'

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St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

As they walked on, the hospital seemed to move further and further up town; block after block stretched behind them, and still before them seemed an endless stretch. The cars whizzed past them, and Mickey said casually, 'We could ride for a nickle!'

He thought the Saint wasn't going to answer him, but in a moment, with a sob in her voice, she whispered, 'Jim always gives me the money to ride when I go to see Puddin'!'

Mickey's feet grew heavier as he walked. As they passed a great church on the Avenue, the bell in its tower began to strike, and he counted nine. Would they never come to the hospital? Once or twice a policeman looked at them sharply as they passed, and they thought he would stop them, but two cold, wet children, were too commonly seen to be noticed much Then Cecilia said, 'The hospital's on the next corner,' and, sure enough, there, with lights gleaming from many of the windows, was the great, gray building.

Mickey wondered how the Saint could run up the long, stone steps so lightly. He could barely follow her. She pulled the bell once, twice, thrice, while he could hear it sound loudly through the halls. Then the door opened, and Cecilia placed herself in the doorway.

'I want Dr. Hanauer. As she spoke, the water from her skirt dripped on the spotless floor.

'Dr. Hanauer! Why, it's half-past nine, and you can't see the doctor. What do you want?' The man's voice was puzzled, and he looked half-curiously, half-pitingly, at the little couple.

The Saint pulled Mickey into the hall, and her voice rang out shrill and piercing. 'I want Dr. Hanauer. Tell him I want him. Tell him I'm Cecilia, Puddin's Cecilia. Tell him, do you hear?' And Mickey doubled his fists, to enforce the Saint's demands.

But a door in the hall opened, and Dr. Hanauer and Mr. Daniels came out from the office.

'Cecilia, child, what does this mean! I thought I knew the voice,' and the doctor bent his deep, gray eyes upon her.

Cecilia put out her hand unsteadily, and almost shrieked forth her words. 'Jim is awful sick—he's got amonia— the doctor says he can't do much. Jim's all I got. I know you could make him well—Puddin' says you're awful good—please come down—Mrs. Daley said you wouldn't—but I'll pay you back—I kin clean good, and I'll work hard.—And don't let Jim die—an' I forgot to clean the chimley——' and then Mr. Daniels sprang forward, and caught the swaying form in his arms, and Cecilia, in a dead faint, knew nothing of her trouble.

Mickey, too miserable to stir, looked on dully. He heard the doctor say to a nurse, 'Exhaustion. Give her a hot bath, give her this, and put her in bed.' He heard Mr. Daniels telephone for a carriage, and in a kind of a dream, he answered that he did know the way to the Court, and could direct the driver. Then he drank a glass of wonderful warm milk, and got into a carriage with Mr. Daniels and the doctor, and wished that Jimmy Flinn could see him riding in a carriage that had two lights in front, and velvet seats within.

XIV.

THE BATTLE WITH DEATH.

To Mickey, the ride to the Court was all too short; anxious as he certainly was about Jim, there was an exhilarating sense of luxury in riding in a carriage that could not be downed. He was sorry, when they drove to the entrance of the Court, that it was not daylight, so that he could parade his experience before the boys Even as it was, he felt his importance as he piloted his two companions across the Court; and indeed a pilot was needed, for the rain had filled all the hollows between the stones, and an unwary step might land one into an impromptu bath. From Jim's shop shone the gleam of the little lamp, and it guided them, until, to Mrs. Daley's infinite relief, they entered the shop. She surveyed the group silently a moment, then turned to Mickey, who poured forth his information, in staccato tones. 'Them's doctors, I brung 'em here; I mean a kerridge brung us, an' the kerridge had velvet seats, and was that soft you could sink into 'em, and the Saint's sick in bed up to the hospital.'

Dr. Hanauer had already taken off his hat and coat, and flung them on the bench, as he remarked courteously, 'Cecilia fainted, so we put her to bed to rest.' Then he stepped quickly to the bedside. Mrs. Daley was too awed to speak. To have a great doctor from a hospital in the shop was inspiring enough, but to have a fine gentleman like the other with a silk hat in his hand, and a diamond ring, and shiny shoes, sitting on the bench, and looking on,—that was sufficient to silence her usually voluble tongue. But she recovered her voice when the doctor asked her questions, and, flushed with importance, she answered first in monosyllables, then favored him with a minute description of the case, of Jim's personality, and of his relation to the Court in general.

She even expressed in her very best words her admiration of the way he handled his patient, and confidentially expressed the opinion that he was a much finer doctor than the one provided by the city, although the first one had given several kinds of medicine, probably on the principle that if one didn't cure Jim, one of the others would. And Dr. Hanauer answered not at all, except to ask a question about the patient.

He asked for hot water, and Mrs. Daley emptied the little kettle, sizzling on the stove, into a dipper. She watched him as he made bandages of a towel he had taken from a hook, and dipped them into the hot water. Then he asked her to refill the dipper. But the kettle was empty, and Mrs. Daley, peering into the stove, saw that the little fire was dying out. And worse than all, she saw that the box behind the stove was empty. She turned resolutely to Mickey, who, having fallen fast asleep in the corner, had to be shaken into wakefulness. 'Do you be running to the corner, and tell Mis' Grogan you want a dime's worth of wood, and I'll be sending the dime in the morning'

Mr. Daniels rose leisurely to his feet, and said he'd go with Mickey. Seated on the bench, he had taken in every poor detail of the shop; he had noted the quilt, doing duty as portiere, the tiny supply of crockery on the shelf, the one chair, the one little lamp. He had noticed, too, idly, the finger marks on the chimney, and had remembered Cecilia's incoherent remarks about neglecting to clean it, and it had made his eyes misty; then he remembered, too, all the little things Cecilia had said about her life here with Jim, and being used to every luxury, he felt the force of the grinding poverty about him. He had never come so close to it before, and something about it stung him. He watched Dr. Hanauer as he bent over the bed, and envied him the part he was playing,—then, catching the doctor's eye, he asked in a whisper, 'Say, is there anything you need?'

The doctor straightened up, and said simply, 'Billy, you aren't used to this, I know! Look around you,—is there anything that isn't needed here?'

Billy threw one glance around the room, and nodded. 'What'll I get?'

The doctor understood, and answered, 'You're a trump! No time for talk here. Get a couple of hot water bottles, and an ice bag, and a supply of ice, and fill these prescriptions,' and in a few moments, Mickey was guiding Mr. Daniels out of the Court to the drug store. Mr. Daniels' silk hat was spattered by the rain, and he turned his coat collar up about his ears; as they got into the glare of the drug-store's lights, he noticed Mickey's thin little coat and his torn shoes, and saw that the collar of his shirt, which stood above the coat, was limp and wet. Then he surprised Mickey by clasping his hands tightly in his, and muttering under his breath something that sounded like an oath.

The night clerk was on duty at the drug store, and Mickey remembered him well, as one upon whom in summer the boys of the Court waged constant warfare, by banging back and forth the screen doors, and yelling in at him. What the clerk was thinking was shown in his glance, 'what'sa swell doing here at eleven o'clock with a little ragamuffin grom the Court!'

Mickey admired immensely the way in which the clerk waited upon Mr. Daniels, and the positive, cool tones in which that gentleman made known his desires. While they were waiting for the medicine, Mr. Daniels picked up a box of candy that stood upon the counter, and handed it to Mickey, who simply gasped, and tried to smile at the joke, but made no effort to take it.

'Well, don't you want it?'

Mickey started. 'Bet your life I want it,' came his quick response.

'Well, why don't you take it?'

Mickey's cold, grimy hand shot out, and in a twinkling the box was underneath his shirt. 'Say,' he whispered, 'are you sure you've got money enough? I bet you that costs a dime!'

Mr. Daniels looked down at Mickey thoughtfully, then looked off and whistled. Then he turned to Mickey again, and said, 'If you had a dollar, what would you do right now?'

The answer was quick and emphatic. 'I'd get something to eat, in a jiffy, you bet!'

Then Mr. Daniels whistled again, and said nothing. By the time the medicines were ready, the bundles proved quite as much as both of them could manage, and the clerk was so interested that he stood in the doorway, and peered after them down the street. He watched them disappear into Mrs. Grogan's grocery,—Mrs. Grogan rarely having a customer, felt called upon to be on duty early and late, lest a possible one should escape,—and in a few moments he saw them reappear, bearing between them, as well as their packages would allow, a basket.

When they got back to the shop the fire was once more blazing brightly, and the little kettle was steaming merrily. Mr. Daniels let down the basket of coal with a thump, and Mrs. Daley lost no time in filling the stove.

'Where's the box?' queried Mickey, as he started to empty the basket.

'Mickey,' his mother's tones, were deep and awesome, 'the doctor he broke it and chucked it in the stove to burn.'

Mr. Daniels heard it, and remarked affably, 'Good for you, Doc, I'll buy another.'

(To be continued.)

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A Thirsty Cow.

'Madam cow,' cried the frog. 'please allow me to say
That you drink far too much, and too often, each day.
If you mean to go on in this thirstiful way,
There will soon be no pond in which froggies can play.'
—'Our Little Dots.'

Small Peter and Giant Grumblebones.

(Carolyn S. Bailey, in 'Homestead')

Once upon a time there lived an old giant whose name was Grumblebones. His seven league boots were swifter and his eyes were sharper and he was altogether fiercer than any giant that ever was; and as he put on his invisible cloak and travelled up and down the world, the only way that you could tell he was coming was by the rattling of his bones.

'Grumble, grumble, bump, bump, tumble, can't, don't, sha'n't, won't, rumble, rumble—' they seemed to say.

When old Grumblebones was at home, he lived in the land of Didn't Remember, on the border of the Valley of Lost Things. His castle was made all of broken toys plastered together and the roof was thatched with torn picture books. The curtains at the windows were made of lost hair ribbons sewed together and tied back with broken shoe lacings, and the front fence was just pencils and mislaid button hooks stuck into the ground.

Old Grumblebones lived all alone except for his servant I. Don't Wantto. The I stood for anything you please—Isaac or Ichabod or Isadore or Ishmael, but old Grumblebones always called him by his whole name, I. Don't Wantto.

He was the queerest servant you ever knew, and yet old Grumblebones liked him very much. Instead of sweeping the floors and dusting the furniture and tidying things every morning as a proper servant should, I. Don't Wantto ate his breakfast in a very leisurely manner and then went right out to the Valley of Lost Things with his coal scuttle over his arm to gather up a few of the lost toys that had found their way there during the night. However the lost things came he never knew, but he always found plenty—tops and jack-knives and marbles and dolls and jump ropes and once in a while a copy book or a speller.

I. Don't Wantto filled his coal scuttle and went slowly back to the castle to scatter the lost things around, for old Grumblebones never felt comfortable unless the castle was very untidy when he came home at night.

Next, I. Don't Wantto went to work at the clock. It was the most industrious little nursery cuckoo clock you ever saw, and it was not its own fault that old Grumblebones had found it once with a dirty face and had put it under his cloak and brought it away to the castle. It wanted most of all to go and to go fast, so it kept ticking away most cheerily, but as soon as it went ahead an hour, I. Don't Wantto set it back two hours, so it was always in a very bad way with its time.

One morning small Peter woke up bright and early. The sun was shining on the roofs and the chimneys of the town, and the lark was up, but right away things began to go wrong with small Peter. He spilled his good breakfast porridge and he cried because he couldn't find his boots. His school books were not to be found and 'I don't like you,' said small Peter to his nurse when she told him that he had forgotten to learn his lessons. 'I won't let you,' said small Peter when they tried to comb his hair for school. And when his nurse gave him his school bag and told him to hurry so as not to be late, small Peter said, 'I don't want to!' in a very grumbling way.

He sat down on the doorstep in the glad sunshine and kept on saying, 'I don't want to, I don't want to!' But suddenly he heard a queer

sort of noise like the rattling of castanets and a loud

'Grumble, grumble, bump, bump, tumble.
Can't, don't, sha'n't, won't, rumble, rumble.'

'Here he is. You called him, little boy!' It was the old, old giant, Grumblebones and his servant I. Don't Wantto. Into his coal scuttle I. Don't Wantto popped Peter along with some of the tops and Jack-knives Peter had lost the week before, because he was careless and off they went, old Grumblebones leading the way, over the woods and the hills until they came to the land of Didn't Remember.

Small Peter just cried and cried, but it made no difference to old Grumblebones. They stepped over the slate pencil fence and I. Don't Wantto emptied out Peter into the largest and untidiest of the castle rooms and went off about his task of gathering up more lost things.

There small Peter had to stay, gathering and sorting broken toys, all day long and day after day. He had only the little clock for company and if he said, 'I don't want to,' because the piles were so high, in the castle door would appear I. Don't Wantto with his coal scuttle full of more lost things, and the piles would be deeper than before.

At last small Peter grew very patient because he found out that when he said 'I don't want to,' it made him more work in the end. So at last he never said it any more. He felt so sorry for the poor little clock that ticked away so cheerily all day long no matter how far behind it was with its time, and just kept him company all day long.

'You poor little thing,' Peter said one morning. 'I am going to set you ahead.'

So he climbed up on a pile of hobby horses and he reached up to the wall and pushed the little clock's hands, oh, so far ahead. Then, very suddenly the clock began to strike and such a strange thing happened. Down tumbled the walls of old Grumblebone's castle, down went the slate pencil fence, and there sat small Peter on his own doorstep again.

O but wasn't he just glad! He ran to school and he really wasn't late in spite of his having been for such a long journey. When he came home, there on the nursery shelf stood a fine little cuckoo clock, with a clear face and it looked like the very same one that old Grumblebones had.

'To try to help you to remember, small Peter,' said his mother.

But do you think he needed it? Not he! After that Small Peter never lost his toys and he never broke his pencils and he never was late for school and he never spilled his porridge and he never said 'I don't want to' again.

Signs.

(Abbie Farwell Brown, in 'A Pocketful of Posies')

I think to-day was washing day;
I saw, on passing by,
The little fairy handkerchiefs
Spread on the grass to dry.

There is to be a wedding soon,
The busy spiders spin
A gauze to make the fairy bride
Her veil so soft and thin.

For fear that showers may descend
The fairies have supplied
Umbrellas for the wedding guests,
Their finery to hide.

Up Hill.

'I cannot walk up this hill,' said the little boy. 'What will become of me?' I must stay here all my life at the foot of the hill. It is too terrible!'

'That is a pity!' said his sister. 'But look! I have found such a pleasant thing to play. Take a step and see how clear a footprint you can make in the dust. Look at mine! Every single line in my foot is printed clear. Now you try, and see if you can do as well!'

The little boy took a step.

'Mine is just as clear,' he said.

'Do you think so?' said his sister. 'See mine, again, here! I tried harder than you, and so the print is deeper. Try again.'

'Now mine is just as deep!' cried the little boy. 'See! here, and here, and here they are just as deep as they can be.'

'Yes, that is very well,' said his sister, 'but now is my turn; let me try again.'

They kept on, step by step, matching their footprints, and laughing to see the gray dust puff up.

By and by the little boy looked up.

'Why,' he said, 'we are at the top of the hill!'

'Dear me!' said his sister, 'so we are!'—Laura Richards, in the 'Golden Windows.'

The Four-Leaf Clover.

(Ella Higginson, in 'Christian Guardian.')

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

What One Little Worm Did.

A number of people were once assembled in a grand park; and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. 'That tree,' said he, 'was killed by a single worm.' Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park; but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A naturalist who saw it told the owner that if left alone it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but, next summer, the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—'Children's Bread.'

Correspondence

ADDRESS WANTED.

Will the reader from Dundee Centre, who sent in names of Sunday School officials, and forgot to sign her name, please send it to us, that we may send her brooch.

OTHER LETTERS.

Winnifred H. Cross, M., Que., answers all of Margaret A. Ellis's riddles, and sends one herself:—A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, a duck between two ducks, and how many ducks were there?

Jessie Robb, K., Que., answers seven riddles correctly, and wonders if anyone can tell her what this is:—Something I got from my mother, all full of holes and none of them through.

Lizzie Crutchfield, H., Que., asks: Which is the left side of a round plum pudding?

May Cox, L., Ont., wants to know what is smaller than an ant's mouth?

Perry Dillon, E., Ont., asks: When is a door not a door?

Violetta Craig hopes some one will be able to answer her riddle, Why is a sewing machine like a kiss? You should have sent the answer in your letter, Violetta.

Jennie Cairns, K., Man., has guessed the churn riddle.

Christine McLeod, P.E., N.B., sends in these riddles. Why is an island like the letter T? What is that word of five letters, of which when you take away two only one remains?

R. Hamilton, B.G., Ont., asks why is a horse like a stick of candy?

Letters have also been received from several correspondents without any signatures. Don't forget to sign your name when you write.

N. E. P., C.S.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. I am in the first book. I have four brothers and one little sister. My papa is engineer of the new ferry boat 'Oyama' My name is

MATTIAS KRAFUR.

D., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old now, and have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. I am in the Fourth Reader now, and have not much time to read books, but the short stories in the 'Messenger' just suit me.

We do not have any real winter here. We have a football club and a new football at our school.

There are quite a few Indian Reserves around here. There was a big dance among them this February, and it lasted over a week. They look funny in their paint and feathers, but they do not look so hideous as in war paint.

Here are some riddles:—

1. Why is a boy eating a sandwich like a horse?
2. What three letters change boy into man?
3. What bird can lift the heaviest weight?

DOUGLAS WRIGHT.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Two to Carry.' Gladys Huntley, V. R. B., P.E.I.
2. 'Mountain Peaks.' Geo. Barton, C., B.C.
3. 'Our Hen-house.' Colin Johnston.
4. 'Goldfish.' Agnes Edna Brownlow, R., P.Q.
5. 'Locomotive.' Joseph Pintal, M., P. Que.
6. 'A Deer.' Jessie Bringloe, C., P.Q.
7. 'Baby.' Josephine Austin, D., Nebr.
8. 'A Scene.' John W., M., Ont.
9. 'Cowslip.' Helen Wilson.
10. 'Flower Vase.' Annie Laurie, K., Ont.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read with interest the letters written by boys and girls, and thought I would like to write as well. I will be eleven years old in November, and have only been in Canada two years. We came out from Torquay, in Devonshire. I am in the junior fourth at school, and hope to be put up higher when I go back. We are having seven weeks holiday. I am the youngest, and have five sisters. My two oldest ones are out from the city for their holidays.

MARY FOSTON (age 10.)

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years of age. I live on a farm. We have three horses and a little black colt, we call her 'Black.' We have six cows and a little grey kitten for a pet; I also have a big dog named Rover. I have one little sister four years old. I go to school every day. I am in the part second book, and have not missed a day this year. We live on a hill, and we have lots of fun sliding down hill in winter.

BEATRICE, J. G.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' about a year, and I like it very much. My home was in Montana, but I have come to Canada to my grandparents. I am going to send a riddle.

The beginning of Eternity
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every race.

HARR E. MATTHEWS.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have one brother, and he is in the city for his holidays. I have a pet kitten as black as jet, and a little pet canary as yellow as gold, and I call him Dick. I have a pet Jersey cow, and I call her Flossy. We had our Sunday school excursion to Orillia, and I enjoyed myself very much. I will close with a riddle. I went out betwen two woods, and came in between two waters.

EDNA P. S.

N. E. P., C.S.I.

Dear Editor,—We are two little boys who cannot write yet, so our Aunt is writing for us. We are having our vacation, so we pick berries, wild flowers, and shells, and bathe in the surf. eW have a big dog named Jack. Sometimes we go for a boat ride on the little steamboat 'Oyama,' where our papa is engineer. Papa is a Swede.

SIDNEY AND WILLIE KRAFUR.
(aged 7 and 5 years.)

F. H.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly three months. I think it is a nice paper. I like to read the nice stories, and try to guess the puzzles. Dorothy L. Emery asked two questions. Where is the word 'razor' found in the Bible? and what is the longest word in the Bible? The word 'razor' is found in the 13th chapter of Judges, 3rd verse. I think the longest word in the Bible is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah, 1st verse. The answer to Emory D.'s riddle is Andrew. I will ask what verse in the Bible contains all the letters in the alphabet?

I am eleven years old, and attend school every day. I read in the sixth book. I like to go to school very much. We had a holiday Victoria Day. It was the finest day we had here this spring. The weather here is mostly cold and foggy. I am making a book of all my 'Northern Messengers.'

ELSIE KEIZER.

L., Kan.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little boy, eleven years old. My birthday is on the 28th of November.

I live on a farm with my grandpa and grandma. I have two sisters, Pearl and Hildred. Pearl is 14, and Hildred is 7. We have four horses, three hogs, two cows, and one calf. I own the calf and two of the hogs.

Our school begins the 17th of September. I go to the Brethren Church. I am in the fourth reader at school.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. As I have seen a good many riddles in print, I will send one.

High as a house, low as a mouse, bitter as gaul, and sweet after all?

MORRILL DUNCAN.

M., Kans.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for about two years, and I like to read it very much, but I am not very fond of reading. I will have the same teacher to teach part of my studies. Here name is Miss W. I like her very much. My other teacher will be Prof. H. H. J. I am in the first year of high school. I have two brothers and one sister.

My birthday is the 26th of April. I was fourteen years old my last birthday. I like to read the riddles, so I send one.—Why is hot bread like a caterpillar?

LEAH BLACK.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—When we were living at St. Raphael's we had far to go to school, but here the school is close to our home. I have three sisters and three brothers. We go to school all but my youngest sister. We like to live here very much. We go to Sunday School, and get the 'Messenger,' and my brother takes it from you. We take care of them, and send them away to others. Papa is a member of the India Orphanage Society. The river Aregrass flows near by our buildings, so we have good skating in winter, fishing and boating in summer. For pets we have a Newfoundland dog and two cats.

M. J. T.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 9, 1906.

Jesus Enters Jerusalem in Triumph.

Matt. xxi., 1-17.

Golden Text.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. xxi., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 3.—Matt. xxi., 1-17.
Tuesday, September 4.—Zech. ix., 9-12.
Wednesday, September 5.—Rev. i., 1-17.
Thursday, September 6.—Mark xi., 1-11.
Friday, September 7.—Luke xix., 28-40.
Saturday, September 8.—Luke xix., 41-48.
Sunday, September 9.—John xii., 12-19.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

'A great multitude of people
Fills all the street: and riding on an ass
Comes one of noble aspect, like a King!
The people spread their garments in the way
And scatter branches of the palm-trees!'
—'The Divine Tragedy:' Longfellow.

Jesus left the hospital villa of His friends to join the pilgrim caravan on its way to the festivities of the Passover week. He was enthusiastically welcomed. These Galilean travellers had a local pride in the wonder-working prophet of Nazareth. They felt it to be an honor to be His escort to Jerusalem.

Jesus sent two of His disciples ahead to bring the beast on which He should ride. They would find it tethered at a certain point. Mention of His name and need would be all that was necessary to secure it. This comparatively insignificant incident, the request for the beast in the well-known name of the Nazarene, hastily reported from mouth to mouth along the crowded thoroughfare, would serve notice (as it was designed to do) of Jesus' approach. Up from a thousand pilgrims' booths on the slopes of Olivet came an eager throng, out from the city gate came pouring an ever-augmenting multitude of those who were only awaiting a signal of Jesus' approach.

Jesus was mounted now, and so in plain view of the largest possible number. He rode a beast considered appropriate for a sacred function—one never ridden before. As only an ox that had never worn the yoke was esteemed fit for the altar, so this foal that had never been saddled was meet for the Master's use.

Such a transport of admiring loyalty seized that mighty throng as made all former ebullitions seem faint in comparison. The palm-trees were stripped to provide the emblems of victory. Ten thousand abbas were proffered to carpet the highway with. A litter—a mattress of twigs and green grass—was formed so that the King's beast might tread softly beneath Him.

And now the multitude bursts forth in a noble psalm of welcome, the rear guard responding antiphonally to the van.

The first glimpse of the city is the signal for a salvo of joy and praise. David's city is called to welcome David's Son. When from the crest of Olivet the city and temple lay at the pilgrim's feet, they raised such a shout that it penetrated to the star-chamber of the Sanhedrin, and keyed to its highest pitch the murderous jealousy of the rulers of Israel as they exclaimed, criminating each other: 'Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world has gone after Him!'

The crowd looked and shouted. Jesus looked and wept. His patriotic heart is stirred as He sees the fate impending over the city, which knows not the things which belong to her peace.

Some forward Pharisee, with ominous glance at the Tower Antonia, exhorts Jesus to suppress this demonstration. But Jesus puts the seal of His approval upon this festal spectacle, in the declaration that the very rocks would find tongues to welcome, if the people did not.

So the Messenger of Malachi came suddenly to the temple. But a venal hierarchy could not abide the day of His coming. He calmly looked about as the Divine proprietor of all. But His presence was like refiners 'fire and fullers' soap to the dross and filth of the ecclesiastical establishment.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. The Triumphal Entry.
   No mere incident.
   Event of large degree.
   Not accidental, but designed.
   Consistent with His plan.
   Presents Himself for acceptance or rejection.
2. Contrast with Other Triumphs.
   Meekness, lowly equipage.
   Absence of captives and spoils.
   Accorded by common people.
   Not Church or State.
   Yet most significant triumph of history.
3. Evanescence of Popular Ovations.
4. Lasting Enthusiasm for Jesus.
   How produced.
   What channels it can take.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The triumphal entry was not a mere passing incident or accident of Jesus' approach. It was a very large event.

* * * *

Jesus deliberately planned his entry and made it as effective as possible. He was not captured by the multitude; He captured it, and used it for His purpose. The orderly precision of all His movements indicates this. The royal entry was an integral part of the history of Christ, which would not be complete nor thoroughly consistent without it.

* * * *

He openly came to His own. The issue was not pressed. They must now accept or reject. The test was not made in any dark corner, either. Nothing could have been more conspicuous.

* * * *

Was it mere coincience that the Lamb of God came to Jerusalem the very day on which the paschal lamb was selected and set aside for sacrifice? It was the 10th of Nisan. The admiring joy of the people also marked Him as fit and worthy.

* * * *

A triumphal entry, true! But how many points of contrast it presents to all other 'triumphs' the world is familiar with! Meekness of victor, lowliness of equipage, absence of captives and spoils—a triumph accorded not by chiefs of Church or State, but by common people. Yet even Pompey's triumph pales in comparison. No similar spectacle was ever fraught with such significance to the whole race.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 9.—Topic—The triumphs of Christianity. John xii., 32; I. Cor. xv., 20-28.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ELISHA'S PROMOTION.

Monday, September 3.—The walk to Bethel.—II. Kings ii., 1-3.

Tuesday, September 4.—The walk to Jericho. II. Kings ii., 4, 5.

Wednesday, September 5.—The walk to Jordon. II. King ii., 6-8.

Thursday, September 6.—Elisha's request. II. Kings, ii., 9.

Friday, September 8.—Elisha the prophet. II. Kings ii., 19-22.

Sunday, September 9.—Topic—How Elisha was promoted. II. Kings ii., 9-15.

Living Testimony.

Our life is more than our words. When Jesus said, 'Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world,' he was probably not thinking of the testimony we should utter, but of the life we should live. That passage follows the Beatitudes. We are salt and light if we are meek and merciful, pure in heart and peacemakers. Our words are finally useful only in so far as they express and interpret our lives, and so give consciousness and clearness to the unconscious impressions men have gained on us. If our words do not formulate what we are, or at least what we long to be, they are a deceit for others and a snare for ourselves. Thunder makes a noise, but lightning is the real force and the cause of the thunder. The lightning of our life must precede the reverberations of our lives.—American 'Sunday School Times.'

The Worry of It.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man!
—Somerville 'Journal.'

The Saddler's Choice.

A wealthy man came to a poor saddler, and, leaving a bridle, gave orders that it should be finished by Monday.

'That is not possible.'

'What nonsense! There is all day to-morrow.'

'We do not work on Sunday, sir.'

'Then I shall go to those who do.'

'We can get it done by Tuesday.'

'That will not do; put it in the carriage.'

Quietly the saddler did as he was told.

Hours afterwards a neighbor said: 'I thought that I would come and thank you, and tell you that I should be glad of as many more customers as you would like to send.'

'I shall not send you those I can keep,' said the saddler, 'but I will never go against my conscience for any man nor for his money.'

Weeks went by, weeks of trouble to this faithful saddler. One day a military man came into his shop. 'So you are the fellow who will not work on Sunday. My friend said that you refused to do his work.'

'I had no choice, sir.'

'Yes, you had; you were free to choose between serving God and pleasing man, and you made your choice, and because of that I am here to-day. I am General Downing. I have been looking for a man on whom I could rely to execute a large government order. The moment I heard of you I made up my mind that you should have it.'—'Westminster Gazette.'

Rabbits Support Missionaries.

At the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society at the Church at Halstead, Essex, the secretary read a letter from two boys, as follows:—

'Enclosed please find 7s. 7d. for the Baptist Missionary Society, which we have obtained by keeping and selling rabbits during the year.

	s.	d.
One rabbit, at 8d..	0	8
Three ditto, at 9d..	2	3
One ditto, at 1s. 6d..	1	6
Two ditto, at 1s. 7d..	3	2
	7	7

'Balance in hand, three rabbits. Next year we hope to obtain more funds for the missionary cause, if it be God's holy will.'—English Paper.

King Alcohol.

Mr. Thomas Wilson Smith kindly sends us this poem, which was asked for by one of our readers. He says: This poem was taken from a book of Temperance prose and poetry, by Professor Duncan.

KING ALCOHOL.

King alcohol has many forms
By which he catches men;
He is a beast of many horns,
And ever thus has been.

Chorus.

There's rum and gin, and beer and wine,
And brandy of logwood hue;
And hock and port and ale combine,
To make a man look blue;
He says, be merry, for here's good sherry,
And Tom and Jerry, champagne and perry,
And spirits of every hue;
Oh! are they not a fiendish crew,
As ever a mortal knew.

King alcohol is very sly,
A liar from the first,
He'll make you drink until you're dry,
Then because you thirst.
There's rum, etc.

King alcohol has had his day,
His kingdom's crumbling fast.
His votaries are heard to say,
Our drunken days are past.

Chorus.

Nor rum and gin, nor beer and wine,
Nor brandy of logwood hue,
Nor hock and port, and ale combine,
To make a man look blue;
For now they're many without their sherry,
Or Tom and Jerry, champagne and perry,
Or spirits of every hue.
And now they are a happy crew,
As ever a mortal knew.

Before the Boy.

(Charles Herbert, in the 'Alliance and Temperance Reformer.')

'Ralph, Ralph! Don't go in there!' called the mother from upstairs, but the warning came too late. With the rapid rush of boyhood, Ralph had entered with his schoolfellow, son of a neighboring doctor, with him, and then he stood aghast, for his father was trying to rise from the chair, holding on with both hands to the table.

It was too late; Ralph would have withdrawn instantly, but his father had caught sight of his son's friend, and with drunken gravity insisted on being introduced.

'Ber-ring him in, Ralph!' he said. 'I'm ver' glad to make (hic) 'quaintance. The doctor's son? Doctor's shun? Quite so! Nice boy, ver'! So's Ralph ver' good boy. Dear boy, Ralph. Same school's you? Ver' good school. Ver' good school. Take my'd 'vice, work hard.' And he fumbled in his pocket for some money to give them, but Mrs. Connor was on the scene by this time, and, crimson of cheek, was suggesting that the boys should come upstairs, and to Ralph's great relief his father made no objection.

Mrs. Connor's soul was on fire with indignation, and for the next few days there was an iciness of speech and demeanour towards her husband that found its way even to his drugged sensibilities. She had borne the perpetual anxieties, the constant necessity of shielding him, that his recent outburst of drinking had entailed, but this flew to the mother part of her and wounded her more than all.

But even his wife's quite scorn might have been endured philosophically, for thousands of men acquire that habit by long practice, but Ralph Connor, sen., shrank before the steely look in his boy's eyes. He was perfectly respectful, but he sat about with his hands clenched, and never sought to go out. Only at school times he would depart as usual, and return looking worried and wearied.

Nothing had been said, however, till one day, at breakfast, his father, after opening a letter, looked up sternly and exclaimed: 'Ralph, what is the meaning of this?'

Ralph flushed, then went white to the very lips, but he looked at his father with a quiet determination in every line of his face, and his mother, startled, gazed from one to the other in dismay.

'The headmaster writes to know why Ralph has not been at school this week,' Mr. Connor declared savagely. 'Where have you been, sir!'

'Walking about,' returned Ralph, quietly.

His father regarded him with astonishment. 'Well, perhaps you will explain yourself—if you can,' he added.

'I've had enough of it,' said Ralph, rising from the table, but speaking firmly and deliberately. 'That boy I brought in last week told the others, and they seem to think it a good joke. I'm not going back to any place where they make a joke of my father. I'd punch their heads if it were a joke, but the worst of it is, it's true. Send me to a board school, if you like. The boys there, perhaps, are used to it.' And he strode out of the room.

It was a veritable bombshell.

Mr. Connor sat looking after his son in dazed fashion; then he glanced shamefacedly at his wife, but beyond the dull brick-red on her cheeks she gave no sign, uttered no word.

Presently he said, and there was real agony quivering in his tone, 'Poor Ralph! Ashamed of his own father!'

'He'd be just as proud of you if you'd let him,' said his wife quickly.

But he made no answer, only got up and left the house, while his wife busied herself over clearing away with the servant, torn between a desire to comfort and counsel her son, and the desire not to say one word that would appear to side against his father. If your sympathies go out to her, remember there are thousands like her, who to keep their children loyal to their fathers, have to watch warily, yes, and even to lie, lest the idol of fatherhood be shattered on its altar, and reverence depart with it.

The day passed slowly by, for neither husband nor son came in to meals. Mrs. Connor grew very anxious, but while she was standing at the window watching the street, she saw, to her amazement, father and son coming along together, and there was that in Ralph's step that made a strange hope rise within her heart.

She little knew it, but the earnest prayer she had prayed that morning for her son and her husband had been speedily answered.

Moodily wandering along the Embankment, the reaction of his determined speech to his father having set in, and feeling he was, after all, a beast to have made a scene before his mother, who had so much to put up with, Ralph was surprised to see the figure of his father himself walking along with stooping, dejected mien. He at once followed him, wondering where he was going to. Many hours had passed since breakfast, and Ralph was beginning to think he had better return home for his mother's sake, but he felt compelled to go after his father, and keeping a little distance between them, he passed on by Charing Cross, and climbed up the stairs leading to Waterloo Bridge. Then he stopped, for his father had stopped too, and was leaning moodily over the side of the bridge.

If Ralph could have read his mind, he would have been unnerved, for the man was measuring the distance to the water, wishing himself in his soul-smart anywhere out of the way. His boy's words had got there.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his sleeve, and, looking round, he saw his boy's face gazing up at him nervously.

'Dad,' he said, 'I'm sorry about this morning, and I'll go back. Never mind the boys. I'll go back.'

His father straightened himself. 'Then so will I,' he said, and in a moment his son understood, and was aghast at his father's misery.

That was a close talk they had walking home that day. The barriers came down, and the father met his son on the level, and told the boy that he had made up his mind to never touch drink again. And the promise to the boy was kept. They moved from the neighborhood at once, but even had they stayed Ralph would never have had cause to be ashamed of his father again.

Physical Deterioration.

The Town Council of Gourock, the favorite Clyde-side resort, has fallen into line with the other cities and burghs which have so commendably warned their inhabitants of the evils attendant upon the use of alcoholic liquors. The following is a copy of the poster and circular that has been issued: —

BURGH OF GOUROCK.

Abuse of Alcohol.

With the unanimous approval of the Town Council, the Sanitary Committee desire, in the interest of the health of the community, to direct the attention of the public to the following statements, taken from the report to Parliament of the Committee on Physical Deterioration.

(1) The Abuse of Alcohol is a most powerful cause of Physical Deterioration.

(2) The habitual use of Alcohol weakens the health, and makes the body easily susceptible to Consumption and many other Diseases.

(3) Figures submitted to the Committee show that the Number of Cases of Insanity is increasing owing to the Abuse of Alcohol.

(4) Figures also show that the Death-Rate between the age of 25 and 65 years—the best working time in a man's life—is among users of alcohol nearly double that of total abstainers

(5) The drinking habits of parents are very hurtful to their children, and predispose them to weak health and many fatal diseases. The Death-Rate among infants of drunken mothers is 2 1-2 times greater than among the children of sober mothers.

(6) Evidence shows that the abuse of Alcohol leads to the ruin of families, neglect of work, misery, vice and crime.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on applica-

OFFER WITHDRAWN.

Our free brooch offer has created much interest among 'Messenger' readers, and we beg to thank them for the names sent in of Sunday Schools not taking the 'Messenger.' We have faithfully kept our part of the agreement, and any sender who has not received either the brooch or a card of notification will know that this was because the information they sent was incomplete, and did not fulfil the conditions of the offer.

We will at any time be pleased to receive from our friends names of Sunday Schools not taking the 'Messenger,' but we must now recall the offer of a brooch free for this information, except in so far as this applies to rural schools in Saskatchewan, Alberta, or other parts of the West where the great influx of settlers causes Sunday Schools to spring up that can ill afford a great outlay for papers, yet that would most keenly appreciate the good Sunday reading contained in the 'Messenger.'

Any coupons mailed on or before date of this parer will be promptly honored, but from this date theoffer is withdrawn.

HOUSEHOLD.

Shadows.

In my path a shadow lay,
  Stretched before me long and dark;
And I feared the next step onward,
  With a heaviness of heart.

And I tripped and stumbled blindly
  Over stones I could not see;
When a voice of silver sweetness
  Called from overhead to me;

'Turn about, O weary traveller,
  Face the sunlight of God's day;
'Tis yourself that casts the shadow
  That is darkening your way.

'Face the light, so shall the shadow
  Lay behind thee—seen no more;
And the stones o'er which you stumbled
  Shall lead up to heaven's door.'

As I turned to hear the message,
  Slowly moved the shadow, too,
'Could it be,' I thought, in wonder,
  'That the angel voice spake true?'

Yes, 'twas self that cast the shadow,
  I have proved it many a time;
For I'm facing God's bright sunlight,
  And the shadows lay behind.
—From 'Smile and Sing,' by Annie Marie Bliss.

Don't Fret.

When I see a woman, with that beautiful countenance which has won the heart of her husband darkened by a frown, constantly fretting and making all about her uncomfortable because there will be 'dirt somewhere; the maid-servant is slow, and doesn't understand her business; baby is cross, always crossest when much is to be done; husband is unreasonable, didn't want me to do anything before marriage, expects more of me now than I can do;' and so on, I am tempted to exclaim, 'Hush, dear woman, these useless, sinful repinings! examine yourself; perchance the blame lies at your own door after all. There is a talisman possessing a magic charm that will scatter all these evils. It is cheerfulness. The maid-servant is quickened and improved by kind, encouraging words. The very cast of your countenance, the tones of your voice, are forming the temperament of that little one. Then let your husband see that instead of a termagant and a fretter, his wife is gentle, kind, uncomplaining, self-denying, shedding peace and happiness around his hearth, and brightening his home by the sunlight of her smiles. A man of sense is not slow in discovering the gentler virtues of his wife. The secret of her influence over him lies here. It is the mystic tie binding him to her, that aught of earth, nor death itself has power to sever.

Be Careful How You Idealize.

Who of us has no faults? Not one! Most of us have many.

We all know this. Yet the most curious thing in the world is the way we go on idealizing frail human creatures exactly like ourselves.

We centre our affections upon someone. Instantly that person becomes endowed with a mysterious glamor.

It is a very unreal glamor. They are probably not one whit more nearly perfect than ourselves. It is like a soft, rose-colored light, bathing everything in the room with beauty. But the wrinkles and the defects are there, just the same, and it is only due to the unreal light that we don't see them.

Of the ordinary man or woman whom we love we expect, somehow, the deportment of an angel. When the angel descends to an extremely earthly grade of conduct we are bitterly grieved and disappointed. We take it as a personal offence against our devotion.

We weep and wring our hands, and cry, 'Alas! And I thought her—or him—perfect! How I have been deceived!'

Now, the truth is, we haven't been deceived at all. We have wilfully pulled the wool over our own eyes.

If we choose to make gods out of clay, and our idols crumble to pieces, it is our own fault.

What business have we to expect the manners and morals of an ethereal being from a mere flesh and blood creature like ourselves?

Ten thousand times more sensible is it to recognize such plain facts as these:

That there is no living man or woman who is not hampered by many faults and weaknesses. Even the greatest are not exempt.

That these faults and weaknesses are more or less apparent, but more so the closer you come to the person and the more you see of him.

That the great thing is to recognize these as mere side issues; hindrances, indeed, but not the whole character. If the character is lovable, love it in spite of its faults. Don't be so blind as to suppose it has none.

Idealization is for some purposes a beautiful thing. But it is responsible for much misery and heartache in the world.

It is wiser and better to see human nature just as it is—weak and faulty, but always climbing up; and so always worthy of love and faith in spite of its errors.—'Evening Bulletin.'

Selected Recipes.

APPLE TAPIOCA.— In making apple tapioca pour six cups of boiling water over one cup of tapioca and cook until clear. Then add six cups of peeled and quartered apples. Add also a cup of sugar, a little lemon peel or nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir all together and bake in an earthen pudding dish in a slow oven. Serve cold with cream.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shave enough cabbage fine to measure one quart, and let it stand in slightly salted water for two hours. Drain and add two cups of celery cut fine. For the dressing mix one-half level teaspoon each of salt, mustard, and sugar, and a speck of cayenne, and one egg, and beat well, then add slowly, drop by drop, one-quarter cup of melted butter, and when about half of the butter is added put in two tablespoons of vinegar. Beat until smooth, then add two tablespoons of cream. Mix lightly with the cabbage and celery and serve at once.—'Inter Ocean.'

Religious Notes.

The Rev. Horace Underwood, missionary in Korea, writes. 'A native doctor came from a mountain village into the capital to buy medicine. At his request I gave him an introduction to the doctor in Seoul, and told him he could stay in my quarters. Thinking to repay this obligation, he bought from me the four Gospels and the Acts, and when he reached home he put them on his shelf. Later on, another heathen doctor inquired of Dr. Kim what the package contained. He explained, and offered the books to him. So old Dr. Cho took the Scriptures and read them in his own home. As he did so, the power of God entered his heart, and he became a Christian. Then he sent round to the neighbors, saying, "I have here a wonderful Book, that tells a man how he can get rid of his sins." He gathered his neighbors in, and they talked together on the subject. Then they subscribed money and sent to Seoul, saying, "We want one of your missionaries to come down and teach us." There was no one to go. At last I went, and found the people gathered together. They told me what in the scriptures they had understood very well, and what was puzzling to them. I explained the difficulties, and found that repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ had already been exercised by them, and therefore I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As we gathered for the first time round the table and passed around the emblems of our Lord's broken body and poured-out blood, those stolid Koreans burst out sobbing and crying as they had thus brought before them the sacrifice of Christ.'

Of the estimated 200 millions of Mohammedans, 5 are in Europe, 60 in Africa, and 135 in Asia; 18 millions are under Turkish rule, 26 under other Moslem rulers, 32 under heathen rulers, and 124 under Christian rule or protection. Over 60 millions speak Indian languages—Urdu, Bengali, Pushtu, Gujerati, etc.; 45 Arabic, 28 Hausa and African languages, 20 Chinese, 15 Malayan, 13 Slavonic, 9 Persian, and 8 Turkish. Nearly every important city in the Moslem world of over 100,000 population is a centre of missionary effort by printing press, hospital, school, or college.

The general conference of missionaries to Moslem lands, held recently in Cairo, was the second of such gatherings to be held. Between sixty and seventy missionaries were present, representing twenty-seven societies, and the meetings were held in a private house in order to attract as little attention as possible. The proceedings of the conference will be published in book form, and all those interested in this most difficult work will find the volume a valuable one.

A purely native Christian Missionary Society has been formed in India. This is a sign of progress that will be widely welcomed, especially since the new organization appears to be a thing of quite natural growth and not to have sprung up as a protest against any of the foreign societies.

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